

MARVEL®  
4th May 91

# THE REAL

№151 55p

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Industries Inc.

# GHOSTBUSTERS™

**FABULOUS  
BEETLEJUICE™  
COMPETITION!**



ISSN 0954-9404

18





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COMPETITION!**



ISSN 0954-9404

18



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This week in your totally fabulous **REAL GHOST-BUSTERS** Comic, there is a chance to win a **BEETLEJUICE Phantom Flyer** in a fantastic easy-to-enter competition. That's apart from all the other spooky features in the one hundred and fifty-first edition of the best comic in the world.

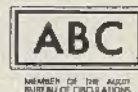
First up though Egon and Winston rub shoulders with an outer space spook in **Invasion Of The Buggy Snatchers!** The Ghostbusters turn up in a small American town to investigate some strange goings-on, but in a town like that, who knows what is weird and what is normal? Later on, **The Real Ghostbusters** battle a beastie from beyond when some nuclear waste is leaked into the swamp in the first instalment of a marshy tale entitled **Doom In The Dumps!**

Don't miss the next issue of **THE REAL GHOST-BUSTERS** when there will be a **FREE Swizzels-Matlow Lemon Refresher** on the cover. So until then, stay spooky!

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Cover by **STEPHEN BASKERVILLE, LESLEY DALTON** and **ROBIN BOUTTELL**  
Editor **STUART BARTLETT** Spirit Guide **DAN ABNETT**



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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



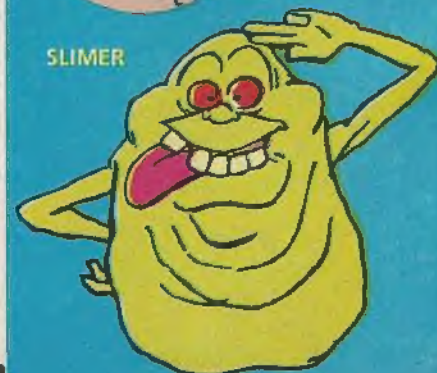
RAY  
STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDMORE



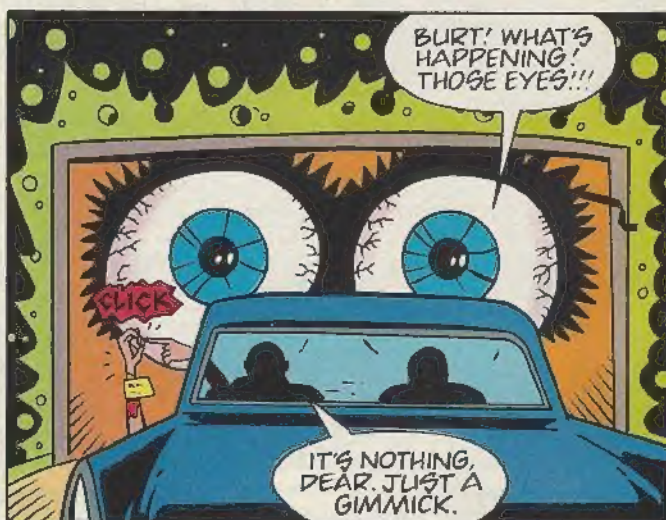
JANINE  
MELNITZ



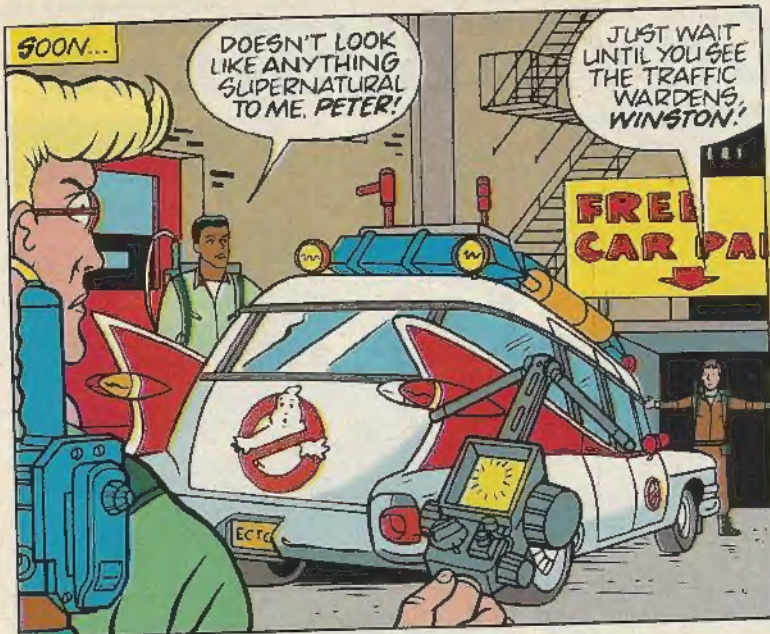
SLIMER



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











I DON'T CARE HOW DANGEROUS THIS QUAGGLEQUOTH IS, I WANT TO BUST IT FOR EATING ECTO-1!

WOOOOEEEE! RAY! STAY COOL! FIRST WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE SOME WAY TO GET ECTO-1 BACK!



WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? ANYONE GOT A PLAN?

NOPE! BUT SOMETHING'S BOUND TO COME UP IF WE USE OUR HEADS.

BURP



OUCH!

TWANG!

WINSTON WAS RIGHT! SOMETHING HAS COME UP, A PIECE OF ECTO-1'S RUSTY BUMPER!

CLUNK!

UMM, VERY INTERESTING!



TOBIN SAID, AND I QUOTE PAGE 264 OF "THE GUIDE TO WEIRDNESS": "A QUAGGLEQUOTH'S TOOTH IS NOT EXACTLY SWEET, BUT RUST AND ROT ITS STOMACH CAN'T ABIDE".

THAT'S IT!



ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS FIND A ROTTEN, RUSTY OLD BANGER, FEED IT TO THE QUAGGLEQUOTH AND BINGO.

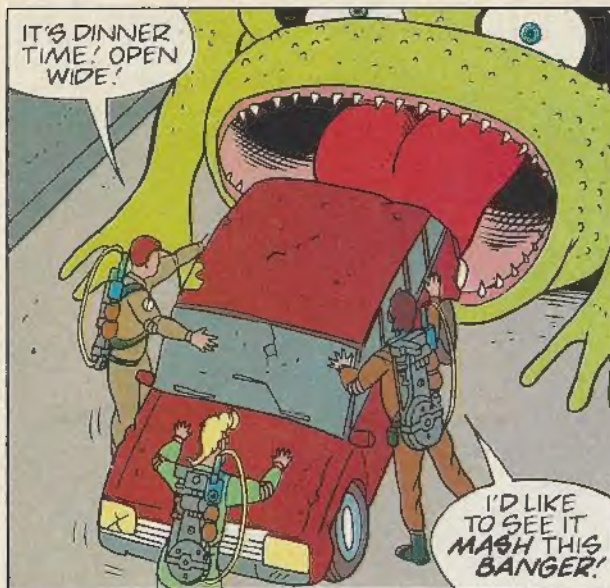
ERR RAY...



... I THINK THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR!

YEAH, THAT MAKES EVEN ME FEEL SICK!











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MARVEL  
No 5  
APRIL/MAY

# THE **REAL** GHOSTBUSTERS™ PUZZLEBUSTER

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WITH  
PUZZLES!



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PUZZLEBUSTER ISSUE 5 ON SALE **28th MARCH**



# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE

There is nothing quite like travelling down the open highway in a car of your own, and Vincent Bowsprite's experience was indeed nothing like that. In 1979, he bought himself a 5-litre 1957 Ford Harrison from a second-hand dealer in Windchipper, Wisconsin. The car was old, but in good condition, and the dealer told him it had twenty thousand miles on the clock, which puzzled Vincent as he was used to telling the time in minutes.

After driving a few miles, Vincent (a travelling aluminium salesman from Cunningly, Omaha) discovered that the dealer had been fibbing when he said the Harrison had had only one previous owner. The only thing previous about the last owner had been his life, and, apart from being dead, the last owner (a Donald Wainscott of Interlope, Connecticut) was more than a little keen to stay behind the wheel of his gleaming Ford Harrison.

History does not relate the whole story of Vincent Bowsprite and his haunted car, but folklore, however, had nothing better to do (it was a slow year) and was happy to wander over and keep tabs on Vincent's spectral odyssey. Vincent finally regained control of the Harrison in Sooty Knees, Wyoming, having covered ninety thousand miles on one tank



## PART 151

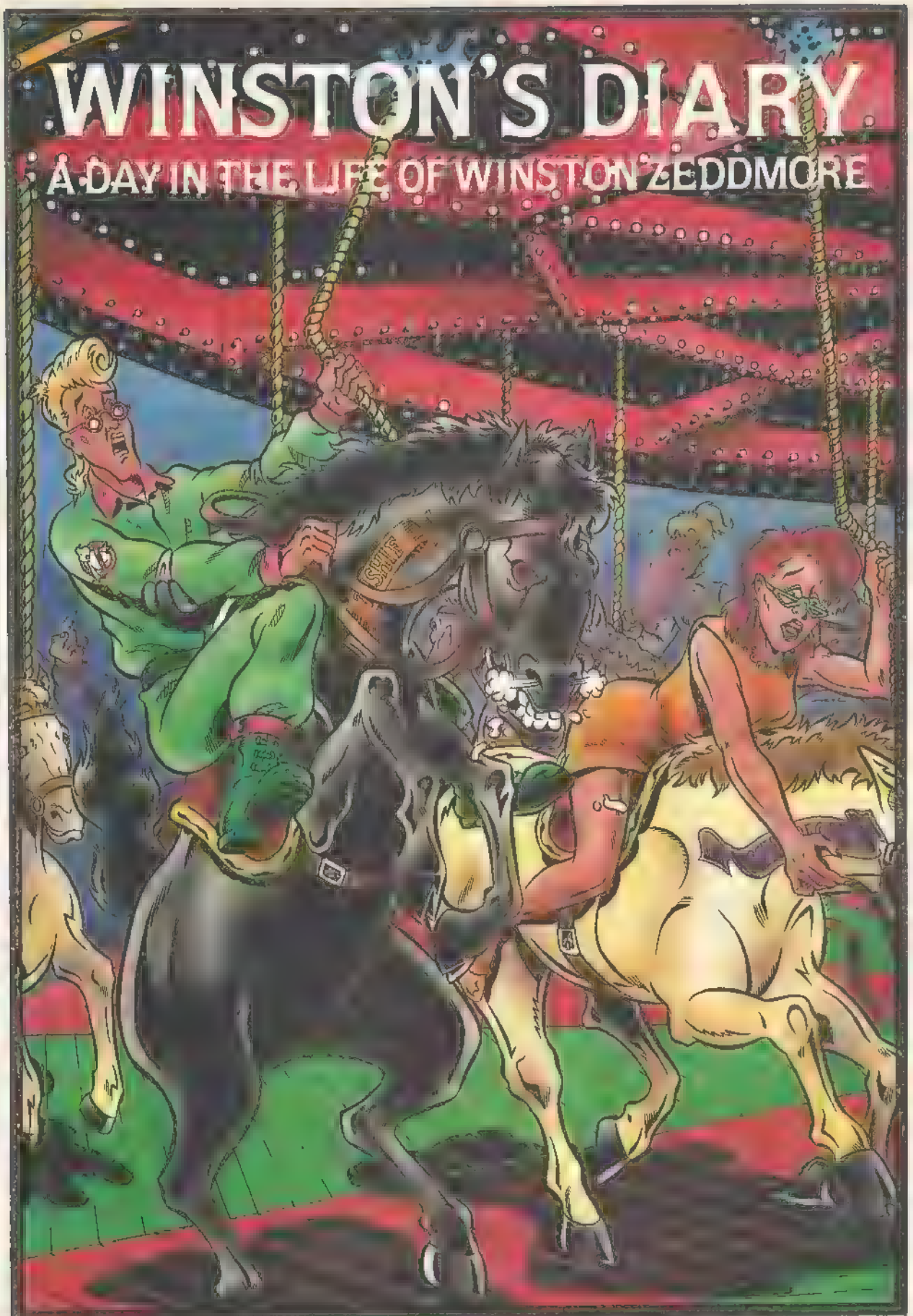
of gas. It was now 1983, and Vincent was dying for a burger, and a loo. His control over the car was ultimately achieved by ceremonially burning the log book and fashioning a crucifix out of some aluminium sidings samples he had in his suitcase. A sad story.

Helena Handbasket owned a car between 1987 and 1990 which she maintained was haunted and which the local garage (Stump's Autos, Noggintop, Wichita) maintained for about nine dollars a quarter. The car, a handsome Oldersmobile Tribulation, was haunted by the ghost of a factory worker, Longman Thesaurus, who had died suddenly of indigestion while fitting the Oldersmobile's seat upholstery in 1989. Ms Handbasket's first clue that some-

thing was amiss was when packets of indigestion tablets started to appear on the dashboard and in the doorpockets, or rolling around in the footwells. Then the glovebox began to burp loudly whenever the car reached forty three (Thesaurus's age at death). Stump's Autos said the problem was one of engine misfiring, but Ms Handbasket argued that she'd never fed cheese and onion sandwiches to the engine, and how did they explain the wrappers that kept appearing in the boot. The car was exorcised in 1991, but apparently the blowback problems never quite disappeared.

George Biggins had a Qualitycast Hypermower between the years 1975 and 1976 which was possessed by the spirit of a Formula One racing car, to be precise, the Lupus McClaurin 4000 driven by Renee Camshaft until his death in the closing stages of the Nantwich Grand Prix in 1974. Occult experts believe part of the Lupus was recycled into the grass bin of the mower, and the machine was finally exorcised in the spring of 1976, but not before it had taken Biggins through six hedges, two spinneys, a small copse, a municipal park, a carpet showroom and into the pole position of Le Mans, which he won after only two changes in the pits for wet weather blades.





Story DAN ABNETT & STEPHEN BASKERVILLE, LESLEY DALTON and ROBIN BOUTTELL



*Friday, 26th April 1991*

Today, Janine, Egon and myself learned some very valuable pieces of information. We learned, for instance (though goodness knows we've had enough clues over the years) that you should never park in a tow-away zone. We learned that giant pink frog soft toys are the least desirable thing you can ever win at a shooting range, and we learned that badly mixed candy floss is at least as sticky as Slimer's worst gunk. Also on our list of picked-up information was the fact that Egon has never been keen on fairgrounds, and also that roundabouts are not aerodynamically designed.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me go back and start this story . . . halfway through. I would start at the beginning, but that's full of really boring stuff like waking up and having breakfast and realising I had a day off and wondering what to do and deciding to go to the fairground with Egon and Janine. I'll skip ahead from there.

So there we were at the fairground, a little down-hearted because we'd parked ECTO-1 in the tow-away zone and it had been towed away. We were choosing a couple more rides to go on before we turned round and went to recover the car from the police pound. 'How about the roundabout?' suggested Janine.

'Why not?' I answered. I've never been that keen on roundabouts myself, seeing as all they really seemed to do was go round. And about. But there you are. 'I've never been all that keen on roundabouts myself,' I told them.

'Hmmm . . .' said Egon.

'Oh, come on, now. You'll enjoy it,' Janine told us.

'Excuse me,' said a voice from behind us. 'Is this your frog?'

We turned to see a small, sad-faced man looking out at us from under the armpit of a large pink frog soft toy. 'It was lying over there,' he explained.

'Oh, yeah,' we said. 'It sure is. How did we forget that, now?'

Truth was, we'd tried to forget it several times since Janine had won it as a prize at

the shooting range. She'd wanted the plastic bag full of goldfish, but the stall holder had been quite insistent. 'Take this . . . please, take this. It's the star prize. Go on, it's really . . .'

'Froggy?' put in Egon helpfully.

'Yeah, right, froggy. That's the very word,' said the stall holder forcing it on us.

'And quite pink,' I noticed.

'Yeah, that too. Well done.'

We had been. Well done, that is. The soft toy was (apart from being very, very pink and froggy) almost impossible to carry comfortably, and had two peculiar properties. Firstly, it managed to wrap its legs round your head if you found a comfortable way of carrying it, and secondly, it had a homing instinct. Every time we left it behind a stand, or in the shadows of a tent, somebody would come running up and ask 'Is this yours?' or 'I think you forgot this' and hand it to us with a pitying look in their eyes.

We got on the roundabout, anyway. The four of us, that is. 'Doesn't your pink friend want a ride too?' asked the roundabout man.

The roundabout was one of the beautiful old ones, brightly painted horses dancing from gilt poles, with long flowing manes carved out of wood. I was on a horse next to Egon, with Janine and pink froggy mounted up ahead of us. I looked at Egon.

'Well, this is fun, isn't it,' I said.

'We haven't started yet,' Egon replied, sour-faced.

'Well, it will be anyway.'

'I doubt it. I've never really been keen on fairgrounds, you know,' he added. The pipe organ music started and we were off. We went round, and then round again, the horses moving up and down gently. This just confirmed my feeling that what was wrong with roundabouts was that they just went round. And about. Then we started to gallop.

'This is different,' I noticed.

'I'm still not getting any keener,' Egon told me, and now there was a note of worry in his voice. I could appreciate his



unspoken misgivings. The horses on a roundabout are meant to go round and about (as I mentioned just now). They are not meant to come to life and start galloping hither and yon. If they were meant to, you see, roundabouts would be called 'Round-and-come-to-life-and-gallop-hither-and-yon-about's'.

'Oooer!' cried Janine.

Pink froggy kept his cool and said nothing.

'Theories?' I called to Egon.

'Several,' he replied, 'and I'm not keen on any of them.'

'Try one out anyway,' I suggested loudly, trying to keep in the saddle.

'Well,' Egon said, his voice going up and down as he did. 'Either this is normal, which would explain why I've never been keen on fairgrounds, or the roundabout has been possessed by gremlins.'

'Options?' I yelled.

'Jumping off, falling off or staying on to see what happens at the end of the ride.'

I jumped off. Janine fell off. Egon and pink froggy decided to stay on. I jumped towards the centre of rotation, and landed on the centre plate near the main pillar. For a moment, I thought I was going to lose my footing and get trampled under the galloping hooves, but the old Zeddmores senses of: a) balance and b) desperation cut in and kept me upright. I threw open the cover on the pipe organ mechanism and shed daylight on the small grey gremlin that was wreaking havoc on the controls inside. He looked up at me and blinked.

'Look,' I said, trying to reason with him, 'I'm a Real Ghostbuster.'

'Point taken,' he squeaked, and vanished. Free from his control, the roundabout went haywire. It tried to take off, but, luckily, roundabouts are not designed aerodynamically. There was a crash, a bang, all the horses flew off in different directions and the roundabout collapsed into a pile of brightly painted wooden wreckage.

Janine and I found Egon and pink froggy head down in a tub of badly mixed candy floss, which we discovered was even

stickier than Slimer's worst gunk. This was guaranteed not to make Egon any keener on fairgrounds, and we knew it. But he told us anyway.



As we were driving ECTO-1 out of the police pound having paid the hefty fine, a cop ran out of the office behind us and called out. We stopped.

'Is this yours?' he asked, poking pink froggy in through the driver's window. 'It was left in the waiting room.'

'NO!' we told him.

'Oh well,' he said, looking at us pityingly. 'Take it anyway. You look like you need some cheering up.'





A cartoon illustration of Beetlejuice with his signature wild hair and mischievous grin, holding a large, ornate sign.

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Beetlejuice was ready and before the Old Man could open his mouth, Zap, he was changed into an Old Buzzard!

Later that afternoon the Old Buzzard suddenly caught sight of Beetlejuice jumping into the Vanishing Vault.

The Old Buzzard swooped down, sure he had him caught at last and heaved open the vault only to discover that Beetlejuice had vanished!

**Now is your chance to win an exciting Beetlejuice toy from Kenner.**

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2. Where did Beetlejuice hide?
3. What did Beetlejuice turn the Old Man into?

Complete the tie breaker in fifteen words or less.  
"Beetlejuice is the coolest ghoul because . . ."

Write your answers clearly on the back of a postcard along with your name and address and send to:  
Real Ghostbusters/Beetlejuice Competition, Arundel House, 13-15 Arundel St., London WC2R 3DX  
Closing date for receipt of entries 20th May 1991.

#### RULES AND CONDITIONS

1. Closing date for receipt of entries 20th May 1991
2. Winners will be notified within 2 weeks of the competition closing date.
3. A list of winners can be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to: Beetlejuice Competition, Vick, West IMP 197 Knightsbridge, London SW7 1RP
4. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

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**Kenner**



# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your  
jokes! Send 'em  
to: **SLIME TIME**  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London  
WC2



Did you hear about the pupil  
who swallowed a boomerang?  
*He got thrown out of class  
twenty-six times!*

– Douglas Hoskins, Glasgow

What's black, lives in the  
ocean and shouts, "knick-  
ers!"?

*Crude oil!*

– Anon.

Why did the chewing gum  
cross the road?

*Because it was stuck to a  
chicken's foot!*

– Paul Andrews, Cusworth

What's a ghost's favourite  
type of joke?

*A dead good one!*

– Dinah Guyll, Pickering

If you gave Dracula a bottle of  
mouth wash, what would he  
do with it?

*He'd gargoye with it!*

– Kenneth Hague, Rotherham

What did the Lost Property  
Clerk say to the headless  
ghost?

*"I think you need our Head  
Office!"*

– Luke Creedy, Derby

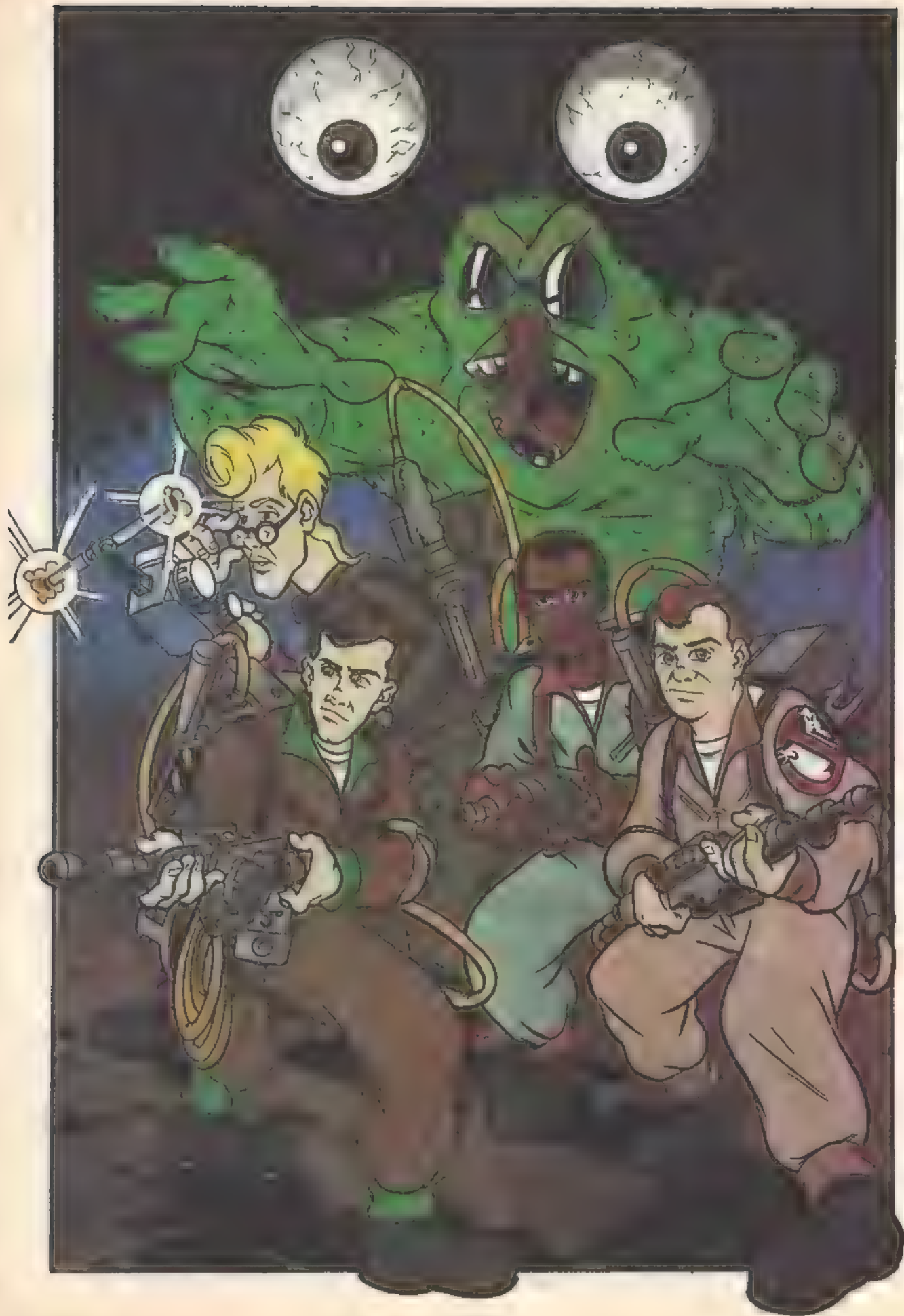
*Mallows*



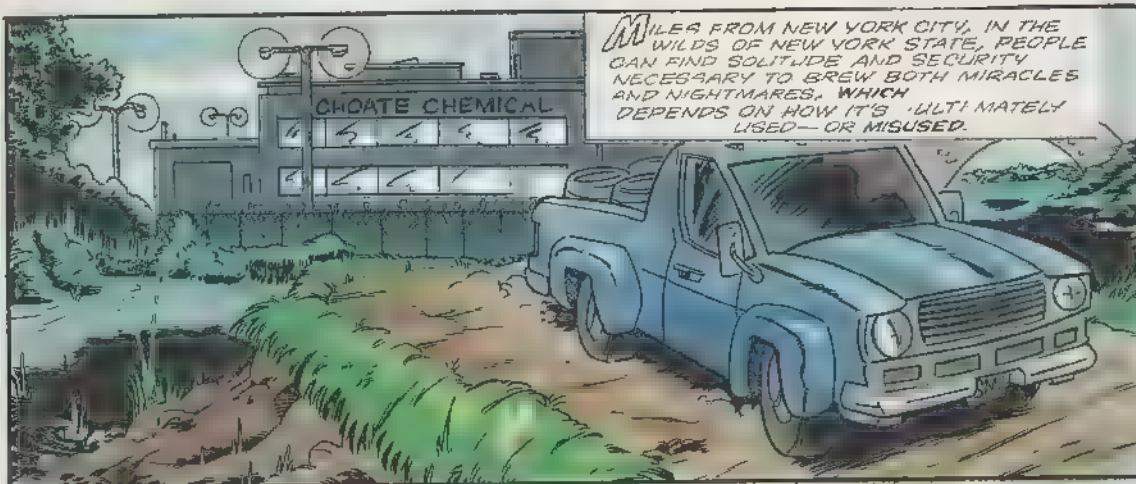
# REFRESHERS

**FREE ON ISSUE 152 OF  
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™  
AND ISSUE 6 OF  
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™  
PUZZLEBUSTER!**

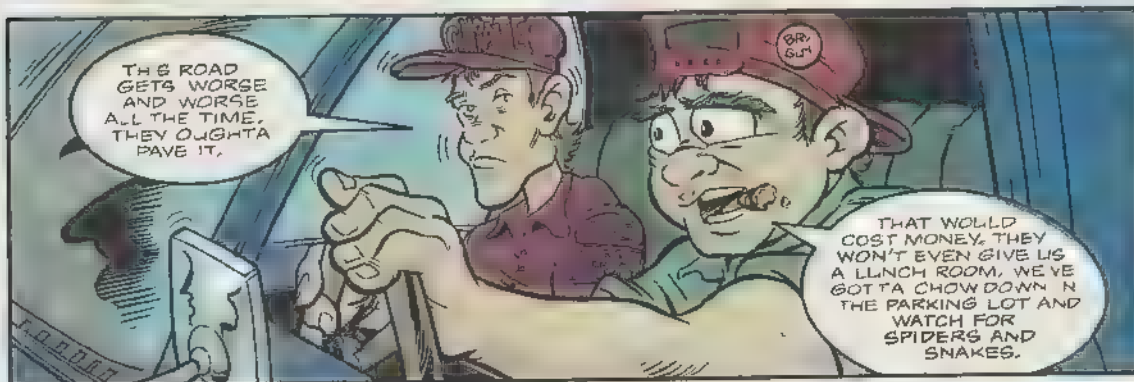






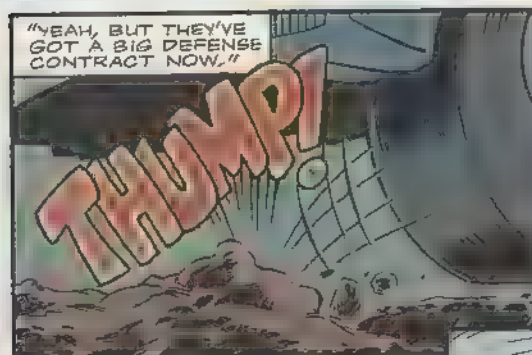


MILES FROM NEW YORK CITY, IN THE WILDS OF NEW YORK STATE, PEOPLE CAN FIND SOLITUDE AND SECURITY NECESSARY TO BREW BOTH MIRACLES AND NIGHTMARES, WHICH DEPENDS ON HOW IT'S 'ULTIMATELY' USED—OR MISUSED.

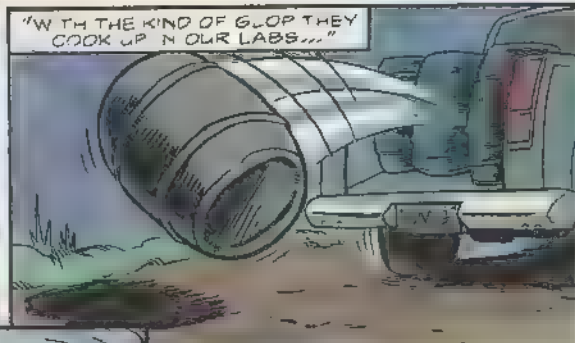


THE ROAD GETS WORSE AND WORSE ALL THE TIME. THEY OUGHTA PAVE IT.

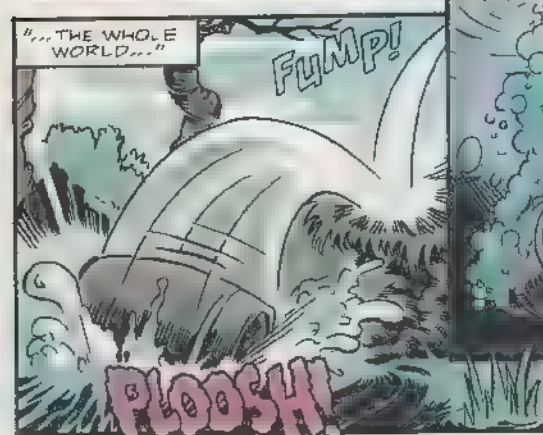
THAT WOULD COST MONEY. THEY WON'T EVEN GIVE US A LLNCH ROOM. WE'VE GOTTA CHOW DOWN IN THE PARKING LOT AND WATCH FOR SPIDERS AND SNAKES.



"YEAH, BUT THEY'VE GOT A BIG DEFENSE CONTRACT NOW."

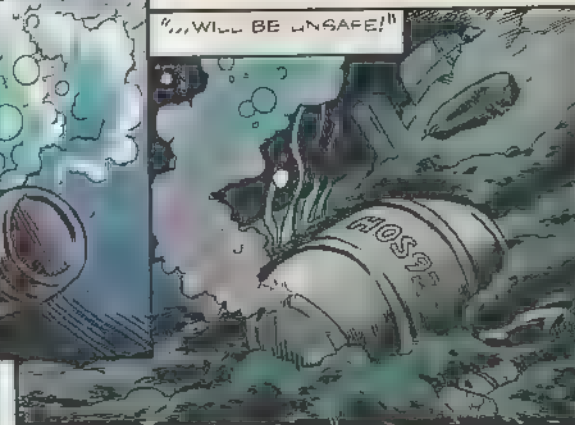


"WITH THE KIND OF GLOP THEY COOK UP IN OUR LABS..."



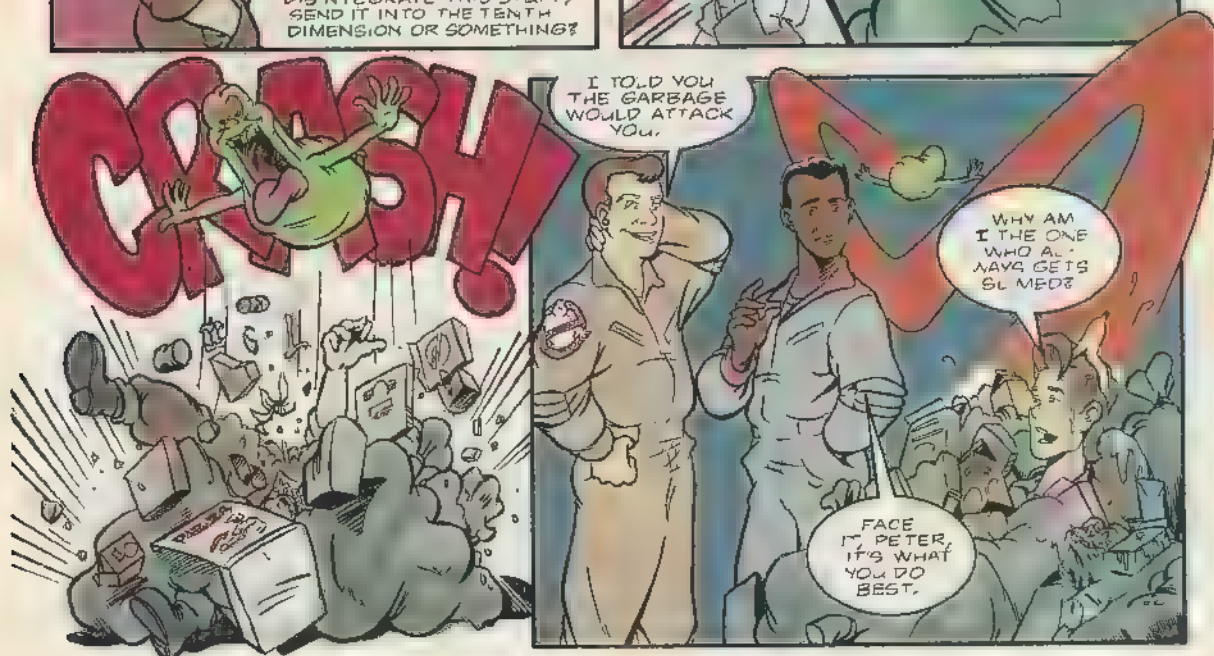
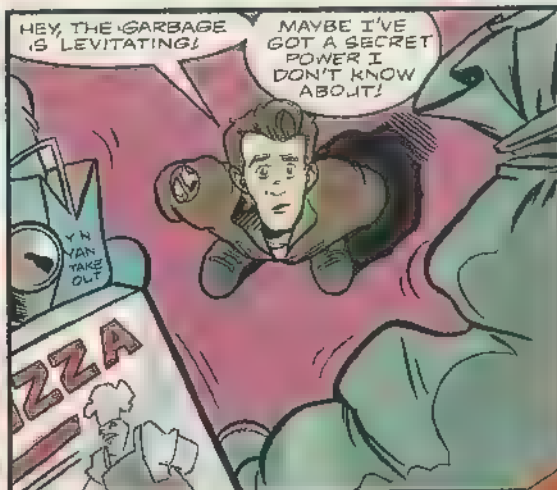
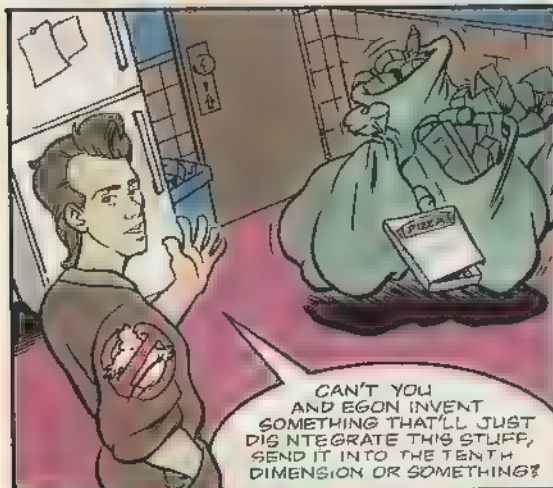
"...THE WHOLE WORLD..."

FUMP!

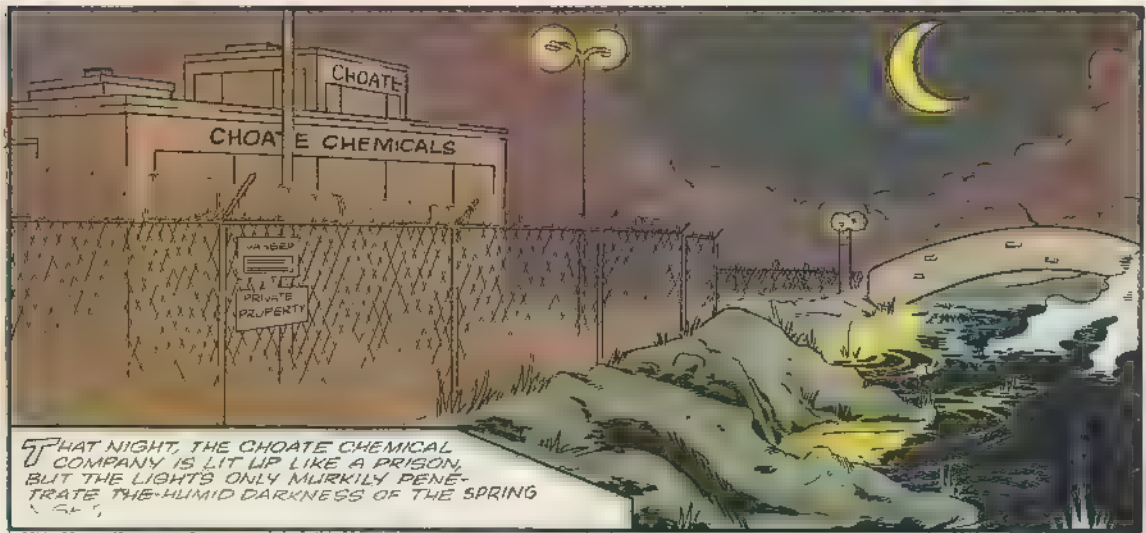


"...WILL BE UNSAFE!"

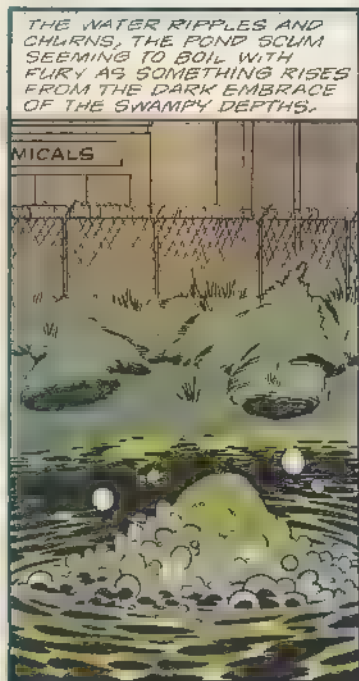




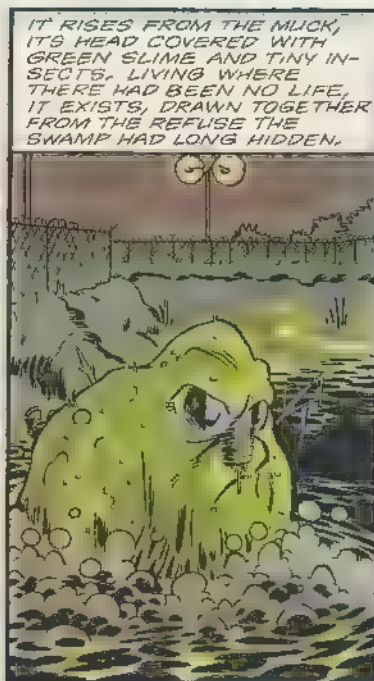




THAT NIGHT, THE CHOATE CHEMICAL COMPANY IS LIT UP LIKE A PRISON, BUT THE LIGHTS ONLY MURKILY PENETRATE THE HUMID DARKNESS OF THE SPRING



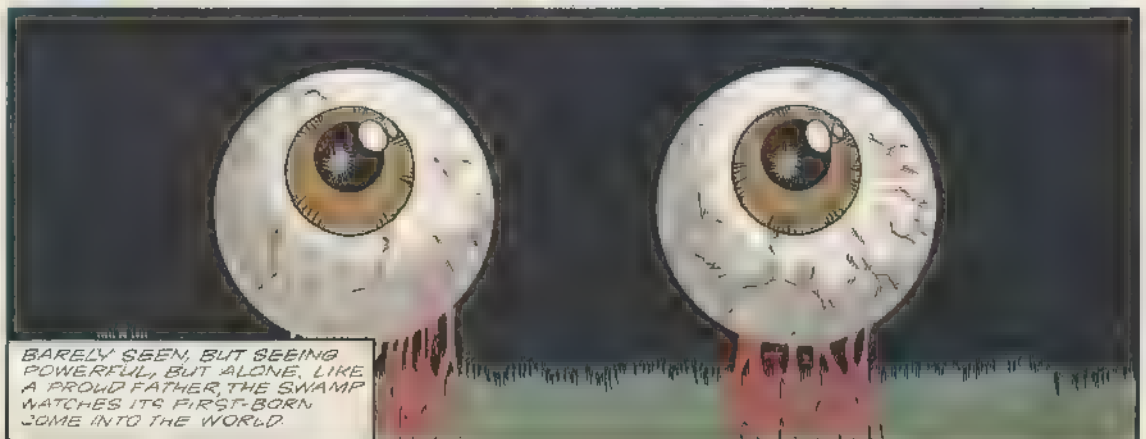
THE WATER RIPPLES AND CHURNS, THE POND SCUM SEEMING TO BOIL WITH FURY AS SOMETHING RISES FROM THE DARK EMBRACE OF THE SWAMPY DEPTHS.



IT RISES FROM THE MUCK, ITS HEAD COVERED WITH GREEN SLIME AND TINY INSECTS. LIVING WHERE THERE HAD BEEN NO LIFE, IT EXISTS, DRAWN TOGETHER FROM THE REFUSE THE SWAMP HAD LONG HIDDEN.



IT CRAWLS ON TO A SMALL ISLAND IN THE SWAMPY WASTES, RISING TO TAKE ITS FIRST STEP.



BARELY SEEN, BUT SEEING POWERFUL, BUT ALONE, LIKE A PROUD FATHER, THE SWAMP WATCHES ITS FIRST-BORN COME INTO THE WORLD.



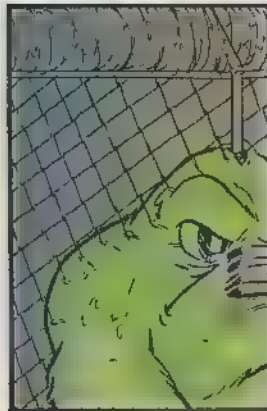
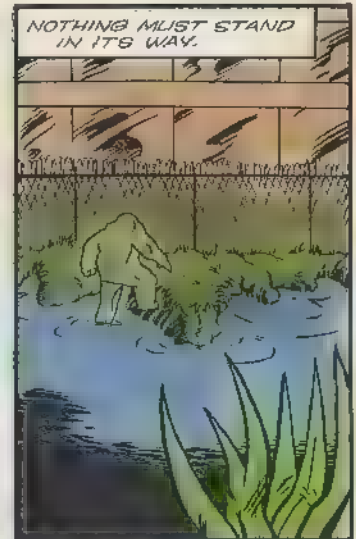
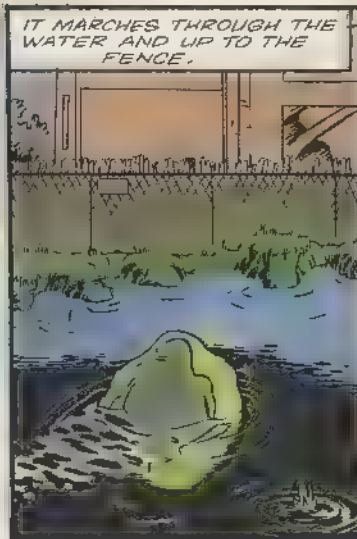
LOOKING UP INTO THE SKY, IT  
GIVES FORTH SOMETHING LIKE  
A BIRTH CRY AND REACHES OUT  
AS THOUGH TO EMBRACE  
THE DARKNESS.

RESIST  
THE SOOTHING  
CALL OF THE  
ORB OF  
NIGHT.

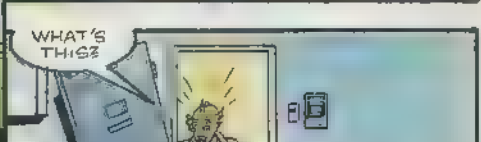
SEARCH  
OUT THE  
SLUDGE OF  
LIFE.







BUT WHAT IT NEEDS IS  
IN A VAULT BEYOND ITS  
PRESENT STRENGTH  
TO ENTER.



WHAT'S  
THIS?

WHY, IF I WERE  
SUPERSTITIOUS, I'D  
BELIEVE YOU WERE  
SENT TO HAUNT ME  
FOR PAST MISDEEDS,  
BUT I DO NOT BELIEVE  
IN TWISTS OF FATE!







More Ghostbusting action next week!





# ◆ CLASSIFIED ◆

MC121

## ◆ SHOPS ◆

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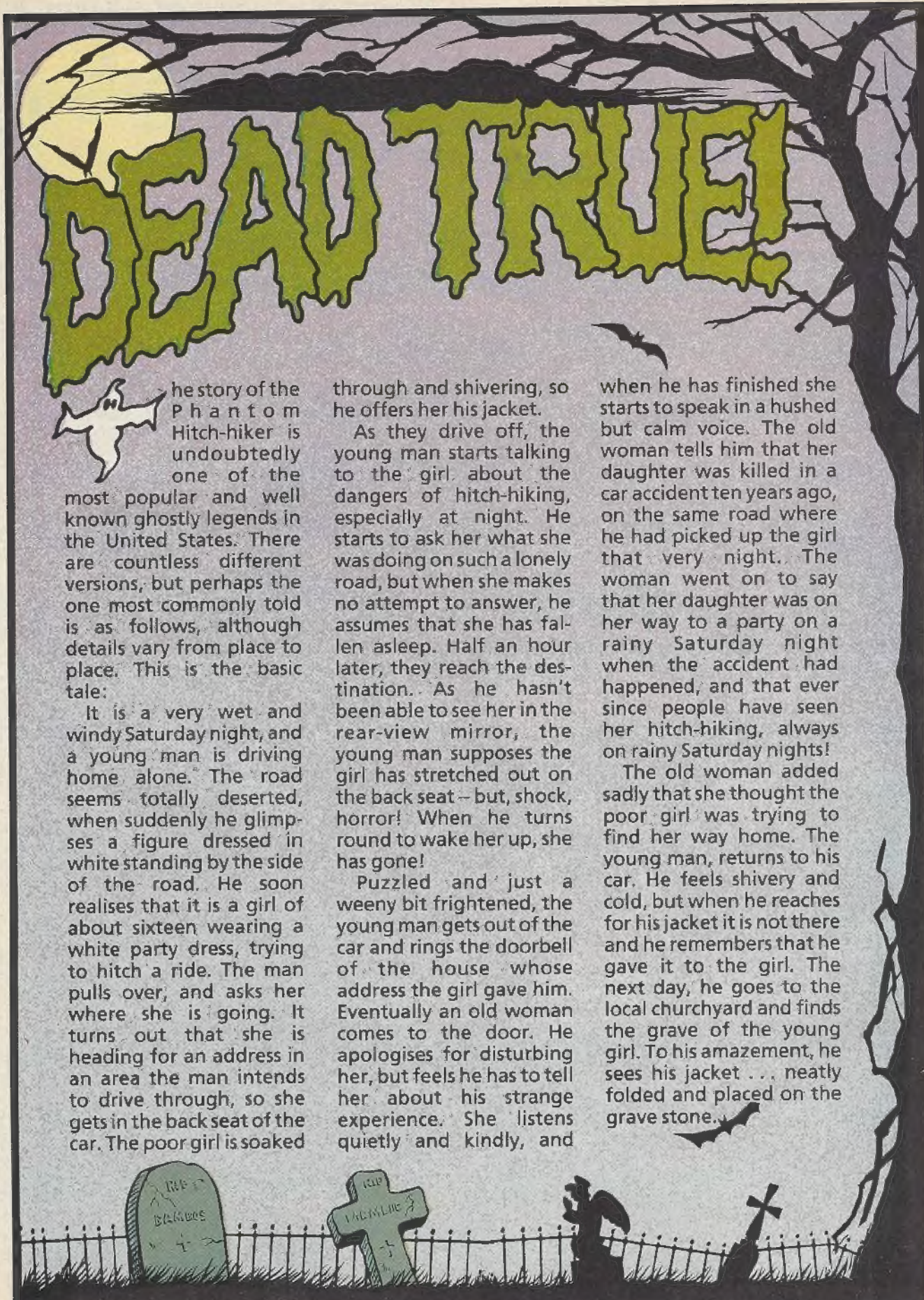
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# DEAD TRUE!



he story of the Phantom Hitch-hiker is undoubtedly one of the most popular and well known ghostly legends in the United States. There are countless different versions, but perhaps the one most commonly told is as follows, although details vary from place to place. This is the basic tale:

It is a very wet and windy Saturday night, and a young man is driving home alone. The road seems totally deserted, when suddenly he glimpses a figure dressed in white standing by the side of the road. He soon realises that it is a girl of about sixteen wearing a white party dress, trying to hitch a ride. The man pulls over, and asks her where she is going. It turns out that she is heading for an address in an area the man intends to drive through, so she gets in the back seat of the car. The poor girl is soaked

through and shivering, so he offers her his jacket.

As they drive off, the young man starts talking to the girl about the dangers of hitch-hiking, especially at night. He starts to ask her what she was doing on such a lonely road, but when she makes no attempt to answer, he assumes that she has fallen asleep. Half an hour later, they reach the destination. As he hasn't been able to see her in the rear-view mirror, the young man supposes the girl has stretched out on the back seat—but, shock, horror! When he turns round to wake her up, she has gone!

Puzzled and just a weeny bit frightened, the young man gets out of the car and rings the doorbell of the house whose address the girl gave him. Eventually an old woman comes to the door. He apologises for disturbing her, but feels he has to tell her about his strange experience. She listens quietly and kindly, and

when he has finished she starts to speak in a hushed but calm voice. The old woman tells him that her daughter was killed in a car accident ten years ago, on the same road where he had picked up the girl that very night. The woman went on to say that her daughter was on her way to a party on a rainy Saturday night when the accident had happened, and that ever since people have seen her hitch-hiking, always on rainy Saturday nights!

The old woman added sadly that she thought the poor girl was trying to find her way home. The young man, returns to his car. He feels shivery and cold, but when he reaches for his jacket it is not there and he remembers that he gave it to the girl. The next day, he goes to the local churchyard and finds the grave of the young girl. To his amazement, he sees his jacket... neatly folded and placed on the grave stone.





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